

THE

LADIES'

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1827.

DR. WILLIAM KITCHENER.

DR. KITCHENER was the son of an eminent coal-merchant in the Strand, who was patronized by the then minister, Lord Shelburne; and, through this nobleman's powerful influence, pursued his business on a gigantic scale, supplying most of the government offices, and many of the high tory party and fashion of the day. When he died, he transmitted the handsome fortune (between sixty and seventy thousand pounds,) he had thus honourably acquired, to his only son, whose benevolence was great, good humour unbounded, and eccentricity most amusing. Perhaps none ever better knew the town; and the proof is in the tact with which he selected the subjects on which he wrote. His "Cook's Oracle" will probably be the lasting Oracle of Cooks. His "Art of invigorating and prolonging Life," "Pleasure of making a Will," and "Traveller's Oracle, and Horse and Carriage Keeper's Guide," are all extremely useful publications.

With his ample fortune, Dr. Kitchener was still an economist; and those who purchase his "Housekeeper's Ledger," will enjoy a laugh, as well as learn how to turn their means to the best advantage. His acquirements in astronomy were considerable; and his book on Telescopes proves him to have been a master in the science of Optics. In music he was a proficient; and several of his songs and duets in the Opera of "Ivanhoe," evince the extent of his talents as a composer. In 1821, at the Coronation, he put forth his "Collection of the National Songs of Great Britain," a folio volume, with a very splendid dedication plate to his Majesty. In 1823, he published, in quarto, a "Col-

lection of the Sea Songs of Charles Dibden," with a memoir of the writer prefixed. Dr. K.'s collection of music was particularly extensive and valuable. In short, whether as a philanthropist or an author; whether as a man of science or a man of the world, the death of Dr. Kitchener must be considered a public loss.

A love of music accompanied the Doctor through life; and, to the last, he played and sang with considerable taste and feeling. Though always an epicure—fond of experiment in cookery, and exceedingly particular in the choice of his viands, and in their mode of preparation for the table—he was regular, and even abstemious, in his general habits. His dinners, unless when he had parties, were comparatively plain and simple; served in an orderly manner, cooked according to his own maxims, and placed upon the table, invariably, within five minutes of the time announced. His usual hour was five. His supper was served at half-past nine; and at eleven he was accustomed to retire. His public dinners, as they may be termed, were things of more pomp, and ceremony, and etiquette: they were announced by notes of preparation, which could not fail of exciting the liveliest sensations in the epigastric regions of the highly-favoured invitès.

His hospitality was indeed unbounded, generous, and frequent. On Tuesday evenings, his doors were opened to all of his friends who sought to enjoy the pleasures of rational society, without the formality, or invidious distinctions of fashionable life. For the regulation of his evening parties, he had a placard over his parlour chimney-piece, inscribed 'Come at seven, go at eleven.' At these social meetings, at half-past nine precisely, the doctor's servant gave the signal for supper; and such were the orderly habits prevailing at these evening parties, that one of the more intimate of his guests would observe, "'Tis on the stroke of eleven;" when hats, umbrellas, &c. being brought in, with a cordial shake of the hand, and a hearty "good night," his company departed. The last of these innocent parties happened on Tuesday, February 20th, last. On the Monday following, he died very suddenly at midnight, after having returned home, about an hour, from a dinner-party at Mr. Braham's. He had been in uncommonly good spirits during the afternoon, and enjoyed the company to a later hour than his usually early habits allowed. He seemed, on this occasion, to have thrown off much

of his usual timidity and reserve, and amused the party with some of his whimsical reasons for inventing odd things, and giving them odd names.

We can, in terminating this brief notice, only wish that the eccentricities and frailties of our common nature were to be always found united and counterbalanced by the same kindness of heart, benevolence of disposition, and stern integrity of principle.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

The following anecdote of this celebrated writer plainly shows that, in his younger days, he was not averse to those frolics, of which, in his after life, no traces were to be found.

One night, when Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till almost three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at his door, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and, with great good humour, agreed to their proposal. He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the fruiterers were beginning to arrange their hampers, just come in from the country. Johnson made some attempts to help them: but he soon saw that his services were not relished. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and drank a bowl of *Bishop*, a liquor of which Johnson was always very fond.

They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate; when Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies, for which Johnson scolded him. Garrick being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, "I heard of your frolic the other night. You'll be in the *Chronicle*." Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, "He durst not do such a thing: his wife would not let him."

PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:

A Tale.

(Continued from page 278.)

Let memory recal each spot where we
Have twined together many a garland fair
Of Hope's own wreathing; and the summer hours,
Smiled not on happier, gayer hearts than ours.

THE play being over, Francis and his companion joined Miss Irvin's party, and found, to their no small satisfaction, the ladies intended to walk home, as the distance did not exceed half a mile; and the moon was up, and the night exceedingly fine.

With a palpitating heart, Francis offered Anne his arm, which was accepted by her with guileless pleasure.

During their walk home, he expressed his surprise that she could be amused by the wretched performance they had just witnessed.

"You are too fastidious, Mr. Stanhope," said Anne, mildly; "I went to be entertained; the performers did their best to please us, and I was not disappointed."

"Had you ever seen Miss M. Tree, and Liston, in the characters of Viola and Sir Andrew, you would have found the awkward imitation of these *great* actors intolerable," returned he.

"But I never did see either of these celebrated performers; and as a theatrical representation is a novel sight to me, I must confess I had the bad taste to enjoy it."

"If every one regarded their talents in the same light I do," said Francis, his querulous disposition overcoming his better feelings, "they would perform to empty houses."

"I am sorry to hear that remark from you," returned Anne, with more severity in her tone and manner, than he had thought her capable of assuming: "there are, in this company, I am told, several distressed individuals, who have been genteelly brought up; but taking erroneous notions into their heads, rashly deserted their friends and parents, to follow a mode of life replete with mortification and sorrow; they were too proud to solicit our charity, and if it was not for the humanity of those who, out of compassion, tolerate their performance, they must starve, or finish their miserable course in a workhouse."

Francis remained silent: he had yielded in so many instances, that night, to his old habit of condemning the conduct and appearance of others, that he began to perceive his error, and to be heartily ashamed of himself.—“I see,” continued his fair mistress, “that what I have advanced in their defence, has altered your opinion, though you want the candour to own it.”

“How can I fail being convinced by Miss Irvin’s observations, when she enforces their truth with such benevolence?”

“When Mr. Stanhope has recourse to compliment and flattery with an old friend, my arguments are over,” said Anne, coldly.

“Dear Miss Irvin, do not thus misconstrue my words; most happy should I be in receiving instructions from such a mistress.”

“That office must be filled by some person more adequate to instruct others, than I feel myself to be,” said Anne, timidly: “If your own heart, Mr. Stanhope, cannot suggest the path of moral duty, do not expect to discover it through the medium of another.”

“But we are, generally, blind to our own failings.”

“True,” replied Anne: “but when an action strikes us as very reprehensible in another, we ought carefully to examine our own hearts, to see if the same passions which have led to such dangerous errors in others, do not exist in our own bosoms? lest, in the condemnation we pronounce on our neighbours, we should entail on ourselves the severe reproof of our blessed Lord, “Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam that is in thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother’s eye.”

Anne had now touched on the most faulty part of Stanhope’s character. The stroke was brought home to his feelings; and as the remembrance of many a harsh criticism recurred to his mind, he became greatly agitated, and, in a voice subdued by repentant feelings, said, “Miss Irvin, I stand guilty, before my own conscience, of the crime you allude to: for the three past years of my life, I have suffered the most uncharitable prejudices to blind my judgment, and to overcome my better feelings. Severe in my judgment of others, I have ever been too lenient to myself. You have taught me to acknowledge my error, and to deplore my folly; extend your goodness still further, and assist me in subduing my hasty and impetuous disposition.”

“The road to self-improvement is difficult and thorny; but,

in the end, you will find it strewed with roses: It is a conquest of such importance, that Alexander's splendid victories were but child's play compared with it. It is harder, Mr. Stanhope, to subdue passions, than to destroy kingdoms; to overcome the enemies of the soul, than men: You have acknowledged your error; and the first great step towards amendment is already taken: persevere then, my dear Francis, and I doubt not that time will render you all your friends could wish you,—all you could wish yourself."

There was a tender faltering in Anne's voice, as she finished speaking, that sunk deeply into young Stanhope's heart; the moon shone full on her pale meek face, and he perceived that her eyes were full of tears.

The events of years long vanished, now returned to his memory, and brought with them the remembrance of the guileless sports and sympathies of childhood, when he and the fair fragile girl, who leant so timidly on his arm for support, were all the world to each other; he thought on the long summer evenings, when, seated together, by the banks of the river, Anne had read some fairy legend aloud to him, while he watched his angle, or wreathed the golden flowers of the mead into garlands with which to bind her flaxen hair. The affection he had borne his pretty playmate, had slumbered during his intercourse with the world: It now returned with tenfold interest, and he felt that she alone, of all the world, could make him happy.

"Anne," he said, in a hurried voice; "when I was a boy, you loved me: would that I was still as dear to you, as at that happy period! these fields have witnessed our infantine sports; and that moon has often heard our childish vows to love each other; but I fear some more fortunate rival has robbed me of a heart, I once thought myself sure of possessing."

"I *did* love you, Francis;—I beheld in you that brother, of whom the grave early robbed me; you were my companion, guide, and playmate; the partner of all my little sports, and the sharer of my studies; and you *were* very dear to me."

"Am I then so no longer, that you treat me with such indifference, such formality? so unlike the social intercourse of our early years?"

"Perhaps, Mr. Stanhope," said Anne, her voice faltering, and her eyes filling with tears, "you were, at that period, more worthy of my regard."

"I understand you, Miss Irvin—Mr. Jervis possesses those virtues, and that equanimity of temper, in which I am so deficient. Had you really ever loved me, you would not have been so sensible of my faults."

"I never thought you would have added injustice to them," returned Anne; whilst Francis felt the arm tremble which he supported, as she continued: "For Mr. George Jervis, I entertain the most sincere respect and esteem; I reverence him as a friend, and as a pious and deserving minister of the church of Christ: but I feel hurt and surprised that you should, in any other way, connect his name with mine."

"Will you allow me then to hope, dear Anne, that I am not become wholly indifferent to you?"

"My affections, Francis, have undergone no change; but time has altered you: when I perceive in Mr. Stanhope, the same generous feelings which influenced his actions as a boy, I may again love him with unaffected zeal."

"Heaven bless you for that, at least!" exclaimed Francis, scarcely able to control his joy at this concession on the part of Anne: "For your sake, best, dearest girl, I will steadily persevere in the thorny path of self-improvement."

They were now nearly opposite the parsonage, and were joined by Mr. Jervis, who, having seen Mrs. Clifton safe home, had returned in quest of Anne. His presence was welcomed by her with pleasure, as her conversation with Francis had been a painful one.

"George!" she said, "I have met with such a serious loss to-day, that it will require more patience than I am mistress of, to enable me to bear it with any degree of fortitude."

"Has your Dormouse escaped again from his cage?" returned the curate, with a smile, "or any accident befallen your favourite Grimalkin?"

"You must guess again, George; much worse than either of those petty misfortunes."

"Has your pony run away?"

"No, I have not lost Saladin; but my pretty Florizel would accompany papa and me in our walk to-day, and we have lost him."

"Indeed: I shall regret that, for your dear mother's sake," replied Mr. Jervis, "when I know how greatly he conduces to her comfort in leading her about the house and gardens: you must have him cried; perhaps he has not wandered far."

"And what reward, Miss Irvin, do you offer to the person who shall be so fortunate as to discover and restore your favourite?" said Francis, in a playful voice.

"A couple of sovereigns, and my very best thanks."

"A pretty high bribe," said Francis: "I will return you the first part of the reward, and keep the other for myself, for I think I can restore the dog."

He then related his adventure with Ishmael, to the great delight and entertainment of his auditors. "I am quite charmed with your Ishmael?" said Anne, when he had concluded; "I must see this rough diamond, and reward him myself for his humanity to my poor Florizel. I will persuade papa to walk with me to-morrow, and visit their encampment."

"Are not you afraid to venture among such a savage crew?" returned Francis.

"Oh! not at all; gipsies are a race of people in whom I am greatly interested; the mystery which envelopes their origin, and the little we know of their religion and customs, give a sort of romantic interest to these wandering tribes: I have often thought, when we are sending so many missionaries to foreign countries, we might form some advantageous plan for their conversion at home."

"They possess such a depth of artifice," said Mr. Jervis, "that we should always feel a great doubt as to the sincerity of their professions. But I am happy to say that this savage race of people, residing in the bosom of our native land, are daily approaching nearer to civilization; and it is not long since, that I baptized a female gipsy and her whole family; and we have frequent instances of their being buried in our church-yards; and, I doubt not that, fifty years hence, the name will only be remembered in the legends of the nursery."

They had now reached the little wicket that parted the lawn before the parsonage, from the flower garden; and the path of communication was a broad gravel walk, overshadowed by majestic elms, which, in the language of Bloomfield,

"Had reached their full meridian height,
Before our father's father breathed,"

and formed a delightful vista, terminated by the peaceful edifice, reposing in undisturbed serenity in the full beams of an unclouded moon.

The sound of music came suddenly floating on the breeze, and they could distinctly catch the rich, sweet tones of an exquisite female voice, accompanying it.

"This is truly delightful," said Anne, leaning on the gate; "music, softened by distance, and on such a night as this, produces a magic effect on my spirits; my bosom swells with deep and heartfelt devotion, and I am, as it were, transported from earth to heaven.—Hark!" she continued: "Fanny is playing 'the Harp of Tara's-hall,' and accompanying it with her enchanting voice."

"This is indeed a voice of melody," said Francis, listening with intense interest; "I think I never heard such a one."

"Miss Hill is a sweet girl," said Jervis: "you should hear her and our dear Anne sing duets together."

"Poor Fanny has recovered her spirits of late," continued Anne; "when I first knew her, she was labouring under severe mental uneasiness; but she is a noble, generous creature, and I feel for her the most lively interest." Stanhope's heart smote him; and he felt half inclined to confess the unjust prejudice he had formed against her, when he was prevented by Anne asking him if she had ever read to him Mr. Jervis's Morning and Evening Hymns. Francis replied in the negative; and Anne, turning to the curate, requested him, in a playful manner, to favour her with them.

"I am such an indifferent poet, my dear Anne, that if the pieces in question were not in praise of my Creator, I should really find it in my heart to be angry with you for asking me to repeat them to a stranger."

"A stranger, Mr. Jervis!" said Francis, holding out his hand: "I hope you will consider me as such no longer."

"I had determined, Mr. Stanhope, to meet you as a friend, for I have long considered you as such, through the good offices of our mutual ones; but the formality with which you answered my first salutation, led me to imagine that a more intimate acquaintance would not be agreeable to you."

"It was the fault of my manners, (which are naturally reserved on a first introduction,) and not of my heart," said Francis, returning with interest the hearty pressure of his hand, while his accusing conscience again reproached him for the feelings which had actuated his coldness towards him; "and in token of our newly-cemented friendship, I hope you will favour me with repeating the lines Miss Irvin so much admires."

"Ah! I perceive, George would rather hear them from my lips," said Anne; "and whilst you have been settling this important business, I have recalled the first to memory, and Francis shall read the other to us after supper. Then, with easy and unaffected grace, she recited the following hymn:—

MORNING HYMN.

O'er Time's mighty billows borne,
Angels lead the purple morn;
Chasing far the shades of night,
From the burning throne of light:
Where their glorious wings unfold,
There the east is streaked with gold;
Gilding, with immortal dyes,
The azure curtain of the skies.
High in air their matin song
Floats the ethereal fields along;
Ere creation wakes they sing
Glory to the eternal King!
Whilst silent woods, and sleeping plains,
Echo far, "Jehovah reigns!"

Rising from the couch of night,
Nature hails the birth of light;
Smiling sweetly through her tears,
High her verdant crown she rears:
At her call the sunny hours,
Wreathe her humid locks with flowers;
Bright with many a lucid gem
Shines her spotless diadem.
Every grove hath found a voice,
Countless tribes in *thee* rejoice;—
In melody untaught they sing,
Glory to the eternal King!
Earth, and seas, and heavens, proclaim
The wonders of Jehovah's reign!

On man's sin-bound soul and eyes,
Alone the shade of darkness lies:
The last of Nature's children, he,
To laud the eternal Deity;
The last, his passive voice to raise,
The Lord of Life and Light, to praise

Slumberer, wake ! arise ! arise !
Join the chorus of the skies.
Dost thou sleep ? to thee is given,
The privilege of sons of heaven :
Join with angel choirs to sing
The mercies of that mighty King,
Who life within himself retains ;
Lord of all, Jehovah reigns.

Rising o'er the tide of years,
Lo, a morn more blest appears :—
When yon burning orb of fire,
And moon, and stars, and heavens, expire ;
And all that once had life and breath,
Emerging from the arms of death,
Shall animate each heaving sod,
And countless millions meet their God ;
Whose hands the links of time shall sever,
And man shall wake—to live for ever :
When souls redeemed, with angels, sing
The mercies of their glorious King,
Vanquished Death is led in chains,
Lord of life, Jehovah reigns !

Sinful mortal ! watch and pray,
The coming morn may bring that day ;
And thou, immersed in woe and sin,
Shall feel no kindling light within ;
No voice divine—to still thy fears,
No angel hand—to dry thy tears.
From God, from heaven, from comfort, torn,
Eternal night may shade that morn ;
And thou, in agony, would give
The world thy course again to live ;
And thou, midst everlasting pains,
Must, trembling own, Jehovah reigns.

Anne ceased speaking ; but her raised eyes, clasped hands, and leaning attitude, aided by the soft light the moon-beams threw round her, gave her the appearance of a spirit just overleaping the barrier of mortal suffering, and pouring the first hymn of praise to her Creator. Her enthusiasm had excited feelings of the deepest devotion in the breast of Stanhope, and

he expressed the delight he had experienced from her recital, in the most lively terms.

As they approached the house, Anne, turning to Mr. Jervis, said, with an arch smile, "Fanny and Johnstone have been home a long while. Mamma will laugh heartily at our delay."

"She would forgive it," returned Francis, "if she knew how much her godson had enjoyed the walk."

On entering the parlour, the vicar came forward to welcome them. "Very pretty, young people; you have just been as long walking half a mile, as I could two: Upon my word, Francis! I do not think I shall trust my girl to your care another evening. What! George too?" continued he, turning to Mr. Jervis: "As you, my grave friend, made one in this expeditious journey; I must say no more, I suppose, on the subject."

"I confess we have not made a toil of a pleasure," returned the curate, laughingly; "we staid sometime at the gate, to enjoy the effect of Fanny's voice in the open air."

"A very good excuse," said Johnstone, leaving the piano-forte.

"You, Jervis and Frank, ought to make Miss Hill a low bow for affording you such a one: Mrs. Irvin began to think you had run away with her daughter."

"I forgive my truant for loitering, as she was in such good hands," returned Mrs. Irvin: "I remember the time when a walk by moonlight, gave me the greatest pleasure. But now," she continued, with a sigh:—"neither light of sun nor moon, can dispel the night which overshadows me, but the recollection of their glory never fails to shed a cheering influence on the darkness of my mind."

Anne, who had retired to change her dress, now returned, and announced supper. Francis led his godmother into the dining-room with great tenderness; whilst he secretly envied Jervis the pleasure of performing the same office with Anne Irvin.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA."

(Continued from page 264.)

EGYPT*.

In Egypt, as in all Mahometan countries, the anniversary of the birth of the prophet is celebrated with a festival; when the streets are converted into an assembly-room, which, by means of awnings stretched across from the houses, admit of being lengthened or contracted at pleasure. An alcove is fitted up for persons of distinction; whilst bonfires, lamps, and torches form a brilliant illumination. On every-side is warlike music, produced by short and shrill hautboys, kettle-drums, and tambourines. Dancing, music, and feasting, constitute the whole of the ceremonial. The almeks, or dancing-girls, are usually found here; but their mode of dancing, though sufficiently graceful, is nevertheless exceedingly gross and indecent.

Smoking and drinking coffee, are the general amusements in this and other Mahometan countries; and whether he be at home or abroad, the Turk keeps his pipe lighted, and his bag of tobacco hung at his waist. In Egypt, many of the laborious offices are performed in a sitting attitude; the blacksmith beats his iron, and the mason builds his house, with his legs folded under him. The Egyptian never even walks, unless there be absolute necessity for his doing so. These people cannot be said to know any thing of exercise, except on horseback; and an European walking about, either in a room or in the open air, is an object to them equally curious and incomprehensible. They consider his motions either as the result of insanity, or as a compliance with the dictates of his medical advisers, who have prescribed to him such an uncommon exercise for the cure of some extraordinary disorder.

In the principal towns, the coffee-house is an important place of amusement. Here the wealthy and indolent Turk sits in solemn state, with his pipe in his hand, whilst mountebanks, female dancers, and story-tellers, endeavour, by turns, to oc-

* See Notes to Correspondents in the present Number.

cupy his attention. The generality of Mahometans pass much of their time at the baths. These, in Egypt, are frequently magnificent structures, paved with marble, richly decorated, and supported at great expense. It is generally believed that the frequent use of the vapour-baths tends early to destroy the charms of the Oriental women; however, the climate, and the early marriages, have also a share. Young persons are married when they are but little better than children, and we find mothers of 12 or 13 years of age.

Among the Mahometans, the ceremony of marriage is a mere civil institution, entirely detached from their religion. The parties present themselves before a magistrate, who draws up and signs the contract between them. They marry very young, and either the husband or wife can, if necessary, procure a divorce by applying to the civil power. The ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead, and some traces of this practice are still visible among the moderns. Immediately after the death of an Egyptian, the body is carefully washed, and the beard shaved. It is then sprinkled with odoriferous waters, and perfumes are admitted into all the pores. After this it is placed in a coffin, covered with cloth, and, preceded by priests, is carried to the tomb. A stone pillar, crowned with a turban, is generally erected on the spot where the head of the corpse reposes: and, for some time afterwards, the women repair to these pillars every Friday, to renew their lamentations. The burial places in this country are generally large, solitary inclosures, situated beyond the limits of any habitation.

The trade of Egypt is by no means so extensive now as it was formerly; it is chiefly carried on by means of caravans. These are associations of merchants, travellers, and pilgrims, who, for greater security, march in a body through the deserts infested with Arabs and other robbers; and some of them consist of several thousand men and camels.

Cairo is considered the metropolis of the trade of Eastern Africa; and caravans pass through it from different parts both of Africa and Asia; bringing slaves, gold dust, ivory, horns of rhinoceroses, ostrich feathers, gum, drugs, and other articles.

In the east, all homage is reserved for the head of the family; the deference shown him is carried to such an excess, that his sisters and even his wife dare not sit down in his presence; in short, the master of the house is a kind of petty sovereign, who

decides very despotically on the interest and liberty of the individuals attached to him by the bonds of consanguinity. What is found the most humiliating to the female sex is, to see even mothers, forgetting all the dignity of their character, pay respectful homage to their sons, rise in their presence, and eagerly wait upon them like slaves. These revolting abuses, which prove the usurpation of the stronger sex over the weaker, are an effect of Islamism, the influence of which can never be felt by our European women. Of the general state of the women in Egypt, however, the Baroness Von Minutelli thus speaks: "All that I have been able to learn by personal observation, and what I was told by several Levantine ladies, concurs to prove that the situation of the women in the east is not so unhappy as we generally fancy it to be. The different races and sects, of which the present population of Egypt is composed, have, it is true, this in common, that they shut up their women; and the Cophths, though Christians, observe this custom with much more rigour than even the Arabs themselves; but this privation of liberty is only imaginary, and extends no farther than to prohibit them from appearing in public without a veil, which is a kind of cloak of black silk, which hides their form and their face in a frightful manner, and excludes them from the sight of the men. They are, notwithstanding, perfect mistresses at home, and exclusively command the slaves in their own service, who, in spite of the favours of their master, are no less dependent on the wife than on the latter.

"As their dwelling is always separated from that of their husband, they have a right to prevent him from entering it, by placing before the door a pair of slippers, which is a sign that they have company. The husband, who dares not appear in the presence of another person's wife, is obliged to respect this indication; and the German proverb, which says, "that a man is under his wife's slipper," may be perfectly applicable in the east. When they wish to visit any of their friends or relations, the husband has not the right of opposing them; and, attended by a faithful slave, they sometimes absent themselves from home for several weeks together.

"Under the pretexts of these visits, I was assured they allow themselves incredible liberty; in spite of their veils and the locks under which they are shut up, they find means to indemnify themselves for this constraint; and it is here that we

most see the truth of that maxim, which says: "that virtue protects itself, and that good principles are the best dowry of a female."

The men, in their turn, when they are tired of their wives, sometimes have recourse to poison to rid themselves of them; but instances of this kind are rare, and, under the present government, we hear no more of such horrors.

Education is so much neglected, that the females are not instructed even in the elements of the most simple things; so that, their minds being uncultivated, they are strangers to a number of enjoyments, the want of which would appear to them insupportable, if their information were more extensive. It must also be allowed, that education, by developing our intellectual faculties, by increasing our delicacy and sensibility, renders us susceptible of numerous trifling sufferings, which are not felt by the unenlightened children of nature. Thus we see the system of compensation, that wise and equitable distribution of pains and enjoyments, of faculties and resources, which balance and equalize all conditions of life, also takes place in favour of the women of the east, who, but for this divine justice, would have too much reason to complain of the abuse of power in the other sex, and of the iniquity of a religion, which condemns them to a kind of a moral and political nullity. Those whom their fortune dispenses from the cares of domestic economy, leave them to slaves, and pass their lives stretched at ease upon a divan, in the *dolce far niente* of the Italians.

NUBIA, ABYSSINIA,
AND THE COAST OF BEJA AND HABESH.

WE have described the region of the lower Nile, with a minuteness corresponding with its great celebrity. Our survey of the countries situated on the higher parts of the course of this river, must be somewhat more rapid.

In early geography these countries were known as Ethiopia, of which a son of Solomon by Queen Candace, was king. In the times of the apostles, Ethiopia was converted to Christianity by the chamberlain of Queen Candace, who was himself an early convert to its truth and influence. Afterwards, St. Athanasius

laboured to bring them back to the faith from which they had swerved.

The first country which is entered by a person ascending the Nile, above the first cataract, is Nubia, a most extensive region, subject to the Pasha of Egypt, the boundaries of which are vague and uncertain. Bakoer makes the road along the east bank of the Nile, thirty days' journey in length. Edrisi, who most probably includes Sennaar under the same name, says, that two months are required for crossing Nubia; an account which, in that case, coincides with the journals of Poncet and Bruce.

While authors differ widely in several particulars relative to Nubia, they all agree respecting the physical aspect of the country. From January to April it is scorched up with insupportable heats. The rainy season lasts from June to September, with frequent irregularities.

The thermometer sometimes reaches 119 degrees of Fahrenheit, and the burning sands render travelling impracticable, except by night. "But nothing," says Dr. Richardson, "can exceed the beauty of the mornings, and evenings, in Nubia. The air is then light, and clear, and cool." This remark applies more particularly to the Nubian valley, where the air is, in general, cloudless; dew never falls, and rain is almost unknown. The high lands consist entirely of frightful deserts. That which is called the desert of Nubia, extends on the east of the Nile from Syene to Gooz.

The traveller constantly marches either over deep sand, or sharp stones. Now and then we find a grove of stunted acacias or tufts of colocynths and of senna. The traveller often finds no water to allay his thirst, except what is brackish and putrid, for the murderous Arab, the sanguinary Bishareen, the fanatical Jahalu, the Zakaku, and the Shaigu, lie in ambush near the few springs which the country contains. The western desert, less arid, and less extensive, is known by the name of Bahooda. Between these two solitudes, condemned by nature to an unvarying and utter sterility, lies the narrow vale of the Nile, which, though deprived of the advantages of regular inundations, in consequence of the height of the surface above the river, has some districts, and more particularly islands, in which a high degree of fertility rewards the industry of those who raise, by artificial means, the waters of the river.

It would be vain to attempt to give any precise account of

the political subdivisions of a country so little known, and involved in so wild a state of anarchy. We shall merely give a few rapid sketches on the subject. Turkish Nubia extends from Assooan, or Syene, to the port of Ibrim, (or Ibrahim,) which father Sicard dignified with the title of its capital. The power of the Beys or Pashas of Egypt over this remote district, has always been uncertain and temporary. The town of Ibrim has for some time been totally deserted, having been plundered and destroyed by the Mamelukes in 1811, when its few remaining inhabitants removed to Delor. Its situation was on the eastern slope of a mountain near the Nile, overlooked by a citadel built on its summit. Within the area of the town, Buckhardt observed two edifices which appeared to him to have been Greek churches. On the tops of the surrounding mountains, which are quite barren, are many ancient tombs of Moslem saints. The river was here about a quarter of a mile over.

It was in this neighbourhood that Mr. Bruce, on his return to Cairo, was alarmed and surprised by a sight the most magnificent, and, at the same time, the most terrific, that can be imagined; viz. vast numbers of prodigious pillars of sand, raised in the air to a great height, and illuminated by the rays of the sun, so as to appear like columns of fire seen at a distance. They were all in motion, some of them proceeding with great celerity, and others stalking on with majestic slowness. At intervals, these extraordinary columns seemed to approach, as if, in a few minutes, they would overwhelm the travellers: and sometimes they retreated so as to be almost out of sight, their tops at the same time extending upward even to the clouds. Sometimes they separated, and were gradually dispersed in the air, and sometimes they were suddenly broken in the middle, as if struck with a cannon-ball. In one part of the journey, eleven of these prodigious columns, ranged alongside the travellers, at the apparent distance of about three miles. There was no possibility of fleeing from the danger, for the fleetest horse, or the fastest-sailing ship, could have been of no avail against it. They consequently had no alternative but to proceed. Their throats were parched, and they suffered so much from thirst, that their stock of water was soon greatly diminished. Subordination was nearly at an end; discontent, murmuring, and fear, were expressed by most, and despondency was visible in the countenances of all. This danger, however,

passed away; but was followed immediately by another; for they were soon involved in the purple haze of the poisonous Si-moom. The camels became exhausted, and silence and despair were the immediate effects upon the men; Mr. Bruce himself, the most courageous of the company, became indifferent about life, and began to expect with resignation a sandy grave. Their bread was nearly expended, their water scarcely fit to drink. In this dreadful condition they held out four days longer; in the course of which they found the dead bodies of several men, who had formed part of the caravan to which Mr. Bruce's guide had belonged, and who had perished in the desert.

M. Belzoni is the first recent traveller who has ascended the river beyond Ibrim. He found the remains of a well-constructed tower on the island of Hogos.

The people of Nubia are, generally, exceedingly poor and dirty, sometimes eating the raw entrails of animals, after dipping them once slightly in water. Buckhardt's Travels, p. 138, represent their women to be as handsome as those of Abyssinia, to mix in company with strangers, and of depraved habits. "Their persons are slender and elegant. They seemed to be under no fear of jealousy in their husbands or fathers, as they came laughing and joking to our tents. The beauties seemed to be fully conscious of their charms. The men are not jealous of their women; it is with them a law of honour, never to suspect their wives, till they have the most unequivocal proofs of their incontinency; and then death would inevitably ensue." Sir F. Henniker, however, gives a totally different account. "Of all the women of the east," says he, "those of Nubia are the most virtuous. The Nubian is extremely jealous of his wife's honour, and on the slightest suspicion of infidelity towards him, would carry her in the night to the side of a river, lay open her breast by a cut with his knife, and throw her into the water, to be food for crocodiles." Their honesty, however, is proverbial. Any person convicted of the crime of pilfering would be expelled from his village by the unanimous voice of its inhabitants.

At Ebshambool are some temples and colossal statues. Some of them, cut out of the solid rock, are thirty feet high. The inhabitants of the place and neighbourhood lead the most abject lives that can be imagined. The Cachif and his ser-

vants make the freest use of the property of the people, taking without ceremony whatever they want. If refused, they use force; and if resisted, they murder the opponent. In this manner all the time of the rulers is spent, and in this manner they live. Their purchases and sales are entirely conducted by barter, and M. Belzoni found it almost impossible to convince them that money could procure dourra or other articles from Syene and other distant places.

The dress, for the men, is a linen chemise, commonly brown, with a red or dark-coloured head-cap; a few wear turbans and slippers. The women have a brown robe thrown gracefully over their head and body, discovering their right arm and breast, and part of one thigh and leg. They are of good size and shape, but very ugly in the face. Their necks, arms, and ankles, are ornamented with beads or bone rings, and one nostril with a ring of bone or metal. Their hair is anointed with oil of Cassia, of which every village has a small plantation. The little children are naked; girls wear round the waist an apron of strings of raw hide, and boys a girdle of linen,

The middle part of Nubia contains a state or kingdom concerning which we have little recent information. It goes under the name of Dongola, which is also the name of the capital, a city rich and commercial, and containing 10,000 families, according to the Arabian authors of the middle age, "though now, according to the latest information, it does not contain more than 200 people; in a place," says Mr. Waddington, "capable of containing several thousands." Poncelet found the city ill-built, the cabins formed of clay, and the intervening spaces covered with sand hills. The castle, which stands in the centre of the city, is spacious and poorly fortified, though sufficient to keep the Arabs in check. The fields watered by the Nile, exhibit, in the month of September, an agreeable verdure. The people conjoin great ferocity with great cunning. The palace, like those of all the kings of Africa, is a vast cottage. According to Thevenot, the king of Dongola paid a tribute in cloth to the king of Sennaar. Persons of rank here go bareheaded, their hair being disposed in tresses, and their whole clothing consists in a rude vest without sleeves. They are very skilful riders, and have beautiful horses, one of which is said to be valued on the spot, at eight, ten, or even a

dozen slaves; and at Cairo, in the time of the Mamelukes, a good Dongolese horse would fetch the value of a thousand pounds sterling. They profess the religion of Mahomet, and continually repeat its brief and comprehensive creed, but know nothing farther. Their lives are extremely dissolute.

Ascending the confluence of the great Nile with the Nile of Abyssinia, we enter the territories of the kingdom of Sennaar, which occupy the place assigned by the ancients to the famous empire of Moroc, the origin of which is lost amidst the darkness of antiquity.

Many writers, both ancient and modern, have considered it as the cradle of all the religious and political institutions of Egypt, and it must, at least, be admitted to have been a very civilized and powerful state. Bruce thought that he saw the ruins of its capital under the village of Shandy, opposite to the isle of Kergos. The distances given by Herodotus and Eratosthenes coincide very well with that position; and the island which, according to Pliny, formed the port of Moroc, is found to correspond with equal probability.

On the Blue river, or Abyssinian Nile, the Shillocks founded the city of Sennaar, which once, according to Poncet, contained 100,000 inhabitants. It is a commercial place, and sends caravans to Egypt, to Nigritia, and to the port of Jeddah in Arabia. The brick walls of the Malek's palace, and some Persian tapestry displayed in the interior, announce the magnificence of a great sovereign for this country. The town is nearly on the same level with the river, being only as high above it as to prevent the danger of being flooded.

In illustration of the manners of the people of Sennaar, Mr. Bruce describes his introduction to the queen. She was about six feet high, and corpulent beyond all proportion. She appeared to him, next to the elephant and rhinoceros, to be the largest living creature he had ever seen. Her features were perfectly like those of the negro. A ring of gold passed through her under lip, and weighed it down, till, like a flap, it covered her chin, and left her teeth bare. The inside of her lips she had made black with a preparation of antimony. Her ears reached down to her shoulders, and had almost the appearance of wings. She had in each of them a large gold ring, about five inches in diameter, the weight of which had made the holes where her ears were pierced so large, that three fingers might

have easily passed through above the ring. She had a gold necklace of several rows, and some other ornaments round her neck; on her ankles were two manacles of gold, larger than any ever seen upon the feet of felons in England.

The soil of the adjoining district, for a breadth of two miles on each side the river, is uncommonly rich and fertile, and produces great abundance of food. But the country is unhealthy to men, and no domestic animals can live in it. The latter are reared on the neighbouring sands. The king of Sennaar cannot maintain a single horse, while the Sheik of the desert has a regular establishment of cavalry. To the south of Nubia are situated the extensive provinces which belong or have belonged to the kingdom of Ethiopia, more generally known by the name of Abyssinia. We have not much certain and authentic information respecting this country. The general appearance of Abyssinia is wild and magnificent, overspread with forests, morasses, deep valleys, and beautiful rivers. Travelling is exceedingly difficult, but delightful from the charms of romantic variety, ever opening upon the eye. The mountains are remarkable for their elevation, and, in the opinion of some, exceed the Alps and Pyrenees. Some of them appear like obelisks and pyramids, while others are square and flat, grouped with the utmost regularity, and exhibiting an almost infinite diversity of forms.

Our account of the situation and extent of the country does not admit of rigorous precision; for the limits which separate the Abyssinians from Nubia on the north, from the Galta on the south-west and south, and from the kingdom of Adel on the south-east, certainly depends on the uncertain issue of frequent appeals to arms.

If we include in it the coasts of the Red-sea, and the provinces occupied by the Gallas, we may give Abyssinia a length of 560 miles, from the 15th to the 7th parallel of north latitude, and a breadth of 640 miles from the 32nd to the 42nd degree of east longitude. Taken in this geographical and historical acceptance, Abyssinia would have an extent of 322,000 square miles.

In general, the rivers, the rains, and the elevation of the surface, render the temperature much cooler than that of Egypt and of Nubia. The heat of the atmosphere, judging by the feelings of the human body, is much less than that indicated

by the thermometer. Some of the provinces are even more temperate than Portugal or Spain; but in the low villages, the effects of a suffocating heat are combined with those of the exhalations of stagnant water, to give origin to elephantiasis, ophthalmia, and many fatal diseases. In this country the small pox is supposed to have originated; and such is the terror inspired by this dreadful disease, that when any person is seized with it, the neighbours surround the house and set fire to it, and consume it with its miserable inhabitants.

The winter in Abyssinia, so far as weather is concerned, begins in June, and continues till the beginning of September. The rain, often attended with thunder and dreadful hurricanes, obliges the inhabitants to intermit all their labours, and puts a stop to all military operations. Mr. Bruce declares that the rain which falls during these storms is intensely cold; and the drops so large as to penetrate to the skin in an instant. The other months of the year are not intirely exempt from inclement weather. The finest are those of December and January. This is the general character of the climate, particularly in the interior of the country.

Reserving the maritime parts of Abyssinia for another place, we must begin our tour with the kingdom of Tigre, which forms the north-eastern extremity of Abyssinia. This large and very populous province contains the city of Axum, which is 120 miles from the Red-sea, in 14° N. L. It is the ancient residence of the Abyssinian monarchs, who still go thither for the ceremony of coronation. This ceremony consists in anointing the king with plain oil of olives, which when poured upon the crown of his head, he rubs into his long hair with both his hands. In former times it was of a more splendid description. The king, arrayed in crimson damask, with a great chain of gold about his neck, his head bare, and mounted on a horse richly caparisoned, advanced at the head of his nobility, passed through the outer court of his palace as far as the paved way before the church, where he was met by a number of young girls, daughters of the ambares, or supreme judges, with many other noble virgins, standing on the right and left of the court. Of these, the two most distinguished in point of rank held in their hands, a crimson cord of silk, stretched across from one company to another about breast high, as if to prevent the king passing into the church. When this was prepared, the

sovereign advanced at a moderate pace, displaying as he passed, his skill in horsemanship; and being stopped by the string, the damsels asked who he was; to which he replied, "I am your king, the king of Ethiopia." The virgins then answered him, "You shall not pass, you are not our king." Retiring some paces he again presented himself, and the same question was repeated, when he answered, "I am your king, the king of Israel;" the same reply was still given by the girls. But the third time, on being asked who he was, he replied, "I am your king, the king of Zion," and drawing his sword, cut the string asunder. Upon this the damsels cried out, "It is a truth, you are our king, truly you are the king of Zion." Upon this they begin to sing Hallelujah, in which they were joined by the army and the whole concourse of the king's attendants. The king, in the mean time, advanced to the foot of the church stair, dismounted, and sat down upon a stone resembling the altar of Anubis or the dogstar. A number of priests approached in procession. The king was then anointed, crowned, and accompanied half up the stairs by ecclesiastics, singing as they ascended. At an aperture made in one of the steps he remained stationary, and was fumigated with myrrh, aloes, and cassia; after which divine service was celebrated, and he returned to the camp, where fourteen days were spent in feasting and rejoicing.

The king is saluted, as the ancient Persian monarchs, with the title of "King of Kings;" and the royal person is approached with every external sign of adoration; nor in his presence does any one venture to rise from the ground, till he receives orders to that effect. When he rides abroad or gives audience, his head is perfectly covered, and his eyes only are seen, while one hand is placed upon his mouth. He communicates with his subjects by means of an officer, named Kal Halzi, the voice or word of the king. When in council, he sits enclosed in a balcony with lattice windows and curtains, through a hole, in the side of which, he speaks to the Kal Halzi. When in the field he is attended by an officer called Lika Magwass, who carries his shield and lance. Such formerly was the respect paid to him, that no king ever fell in battle, and even now he is often secured by arraying himself in his royal insignia.

(To be continued.)

THE SIX CALENDARS;

OR,

SKETCHES OF LIFE, FROM THE KNIGHT'S CELL OF THE UNITED
SERVICE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.

(Continued from page 271.)

REMINISCENCES OF THE SECOND CALENDAR.

THE disasters of my life arose from a bent in my education far different from that which led my friend Oldham astray; he erred, from an over refinement of education; I went athwart the right path, by an early impulse to the wrong. My father was a good-natured, convivial squire, of Lincolnshire; who hunted, and feasted, fed high, drank hard; and was, in point of merriment, and open purse, every body's friend—excepting his own, and the ultimate respectability of his home. He married a beautiful girl, of whom he was very fond: she was a farmer's daughter; and thought it would be a very fine thing to be made the "squire's lady!" though he was a little rough, and her heart lingered after the young curate; who was both handsome, and gentle, and loved her too. But he was poor; and she must have trudged about, every day, in her pattens, assisting him in his daily visitations of persons yet poorer than himself—the old and the sick of the village cottagers. But the squire would make her lady of a noble mansion; would furnish her out a wardrobe like any queen; and, moreover, she would ride to church every Sunday in her coach, and have a grand liveried servant behind her, carrying her clogs, or parasol, whenever she visited her poor neighbours!—for her heart was kind, as any woman's; though, perhaps, as vain too: and, if so, the expiation soon came.

She had scarce been a full year a wife, when she, happily, brought the unhappy subject of this narrative into life. The bells of the village rang that morning, for joy of the young heir; and the hall swam with wine and wassail for the men, and caudle for the women, all the day.—On the morrow, my father invited a party of friends to dine, and rejoice with him; and having drank hard, nothing could persuade him, on the breaking up of the company, from walking home with one of them, who lived at the distance of little more than a mile, yet over a very dismal and lonely road, a desert sort of common. On my

father's returning across it, he was way-laid by a couple of poachers, against whom, as an owner of game, he had been rather severe; and now, on the day of his great jollity, as they called it, they determined to seize the opportunity chance gave them, and take revenge on their old grudge. In short, they struck him to the earth with their bludgeons; and after another blow or two, which left indelible marks for life, they left him nearly senseless. But on their being fairly gone out of hearing, he had yet so much instinct for self-preservation about him, as to rise, and crawl, or reel, back to his own house. When arrived there, maddened with indignation at the outrage which had been offered, and perfectly bereft of all dregs of judgment, by the fumes of his inebriation, he would not be withheld from entering my mother's room, to tell her the story; and rushing in, he stood before her, his countenance disfigured, and clotted with gore. The shock threw her immediately into a convulsion fit; her cries, and groans, were then terrific; and the universal horror recalled him at once from the state of wrathful stupefaction in which he had been absorbed. He flew to her, to sooth her, and upbraid himself.—But all care was vain; death had seized its hapless victim; and, without ever unclosing her eyes on him more, or appearing even sensible that he addressed her, she flung herself in a fearful agony from one side the bed to the other, and expired.

Alas! great was the pageantry that carried my poor mother to her early grave; the hearse was covered with plumes; the whole train of the empty carriages of her late fine visiting neighbours, came after it, with their servants dressed in hat-bands and gloves; and the poor squire himself, as chief, and only mourner, (for the deceased's father was too heart-broken to attend the remains of his child, in so mocking a kind of grandeur!) was shut up in his black coach, weeping till he was almost too blinded to step out. The church-yard was full of the friends and neighbours of her early days; in their humble mourning suits, put on for the occasion; and their sobs were heard, when the stately pall which covered the so-lately pretty peasant girl, their own long compeer, was carried past them into the church. The young curate met it there; and, when dust to dust fell on the velvet coffin, while he held the sacred volume over it, his tears dropt also, for the sweet shrouded face beneath.

I cannot attempt to describe, all I was afterwards told of

my father's grief; and, in some measure, it checked the excesses of his former modes of life; but his old associates got about him, and often broke his better resolutions, by bringing him into scenes to "drown care," and "fling melancholy to the dogs." Amongst such men I received my first impressions. My father, doating on me, made me his companion wherever he could; and I rode his hunters; and caroused in the hall with his huntsmen and whippers-in, with the full spirit of a youthful Nimrod.—At last I was sent to Westminster-school; for I had become unmanageable by him; and still less so by country tutors, or school-masters. I was naturally clever, and had emulation to excel in whatever those around me took pride in; consequently I soon shewed considerable talents; and, before I was five years at Westminster, found myself at the head of the seventh form. My father had now become as proud as myself, of the distinction I received from my masters; and, in order to make me the prodigy I appeared to promise, sent me with a large pecuniary allowance, to Oxford. But the college in which I was placed, being called "the *crack* college!" the peculiar choice of the fashionable estimates of such things; (for a noble countess in our neighbourhood had recommended the honest boozing squire, to send the really handsome lad, his heir, to a place, where he might learn a little of the gentleman!) and there I became intimate with the most *crack* gentlemen of all Oxford, and, like them, soon became the most arrogant despiser of serious study, that ancient university could boast. I was the first in all fetes, feasts, and frays. In short, representations of a very different nature, were now sent to my father, from those he had received from the venerable dons of Westminster. Lamentations from the Professors, and long bills from the tradesmen, went by every post. But I had been taught an accomplishment, even more universal amongst my new associates, than extravagance, and dissipation, and rebellion against our teachers,—I had become master of the art of despising my parent's counsels. Whenever I visited him, at his home, I conducted myself as if the place, and all it contained, were already my own; and I sneered, and scoffed, whenever he ventured to talk of his steward's complaints against my demands; of his own disappointment, and shame, at my neglected talents, and, alas! at my notorious vices! Oh, I used to laugh at the poor old man, on these occasions; whisking out, whip in hand after the dogs—bidding

him remember his own pranks, and look at home?" The last time I saw him, he seemed very ill, and reproached me bitterly, for driving him, by grief at my continued disobedience, to more and more successive acts of the intemperance he now loathed; "but how," cried he, "can I otherwise forget my ungrateful son?" I called this "King Lear's ravings in his cups; or a good excuse for a bad practice!" and went off as careless at heart, as if no sin rested on it.

But my father's constitution at last gave way, under the deleterious poison, to which, indeed, a doubly acute sense of my misconduct, drove him to seek oblivious refuge. He blamed himself for the unchecked course, to which he had subjected the earliest observations of my innocent youth, and they seemed to be now returning upon him, in not only just, but miserable retribution. Thus arraigning himself one evening, after a large packet of accusations had reached him from Oxford against me, and in which I was even threatened with rustication for some new offence; he took so large a draught of raw brandy, mistaking it for wine, that he never spoke more, but falling back in his arm-chair, even before medical aid could be brought, expired in great agonies.

Thus then, I may say, both my parents died by violence, the violence on the heart, wrought by the cruel effects of the very mischiefs they had too indulgently tolerated at the first. An old servant was immediately dispatched by the steward, to bring the distressing tidings to me. He entered the room, just as I was sallying forth from the dinner-table "hot with the Tuscan grape," along with other companions as worthless as myself! and, too-well-informed of my late unfeeling conduct to my father, he at once told me the catastrophe. I was sobered in an instant.—I was confounded—stricken to the soul. All my undutiful, rebellious, and, I will add, damning behaviour, to my father, rushed on my affrighted senses. I sunk, senseless, on the floor. When I recovered, I had no friends near me; rather no companions; for the term friendship would be prostitution to such. I was left alone with the old servant, and now, he was pitying the contrition that had felled me to the earth; and pouring water on my face, and shedding his tears over me.

I returned to my paternal home; which my own hand appeared to me, to have dispossessed of its poor, broken-hearted master; and I expected to receive his malediction, as the last

consummation of my deserved misery, in the will, which I anticipated would disinherit me of every inch of land in his power to alienate. The steward presented me the dreaded paper. I broke the seal, I truly aver, with more horror of the curse I merited, than the loss of the property, my vices had justly forfeited. But how was I astonished, how much more deeply afflicted, when, instead of the doom I expected, of being left without means of furnishing myself with even the commonest necessaries of life; I found he had bequeathed me all—with his pardon, and his blessing! indeed the most soothing, though at the same time the most stabbing, part of the bequest. I turned to conceal the emotions which tore my heart; and through a half-opened door, saw the clay-cold corpse of my father, in its low tresselled coffin, on the floor of that room; the room in which my poor mother too, had died!

Ye sons, whose unhappy lot it has been to be led away by a vain desire of silly, and often vicious distinction; or as frivolous, and pernicious a thirst for pleasure; who, from being beloved and affectionate children, admired and promising youths, become arrogant and undutiful! and render yourselves, by a thoughtless series of dissipations, and as swift a career of daring vices, as odious, as you before were estimable! turn your eyes with me, on that scene! Ye whose parents, notwithstanding all these crimes, have acted by you with forbearance, long-suffering, and generosity, such as mine; to you I leave it, to paint my torments of conscience, when my eye fell on the motionless parental body, my ingratitude had, in a manner, deprived of life!

I had now no passion remaining for the excesses which had grown hateful to me, or even for splendours, and gay company of any kind, all were distasteful to me. Repentance was my food, my companion; and, at last, my comforter. I at first became very melancholy; yet never did I murmur at the dispensations of my merciful chastiser. When the numerous debts which I had shamefully contracted, burthened as they were with interests as enormous, as they were flagitious on a son's part to incur, were summed up, I found the whole of my paternal property must go to the hammer; and a very scanty portion was left, to the shrinking prodigal, who had thus wasted his honour, his happiness, and the respectability of his name.

I quitted my native county, and purchased a humble roof in a

shire where I was entirely unknown. A small piece of ground, which I cultivated with my own hands, yielded me a few vegetables, now my chief food; and there was a very clear well, not far distant from my dwelling; groves, and meadows were situated around me, and glittering corn-fields waving in the wind, variegated my little home, with their bewitching beauties. During my residence there, the invasion threatened England, which summoned all her faithful sons to turn out sword in hand, as her marshalling defenders. I then became one of the first amongst the yeomanry, to transform my plough-share and pruning-hook, into defensive weapons; and then I did indeed feel myself an honourable man! I was more truly respected; I was happier; nay, more the gentleman in my own feelings, when thus girding to do my duty, like an Englishman, than ever I felt, in my proudest days of college extravagance, and gaiety. But the times sunk into peace again, with no invasion, (Praise be to Heaven, and the British arm at Trafalgar!) and, resuming my plough-share and pruning-hook, year after year I spent in my pretty cot; and, most probably, should have ended my days there without again straying from it, had I not, one morning wandered by chance into the high public road, that ran near the wood that flanked my dwelling. I had not been long there, ere I heard myself loudly greeted by name—such as I was saluted by, in my youthful days, “Hah, Sir Harry Wildair, art thou there?” Twenty years had passed, since I had heard myself so called; and I was amazed, at who of my former flighty acquaintance could be able to distinguish my once rakish air, in the calm, plodding, half-soldier-like looking rustic before him. But I was more astonished, when on turning round, I beheld my old college friend Mysore. Friend, I may call him; for he did not belong to my *crack* college, therefore was happy enough to fall in with examples of a better order, in a less golden garnished fraternity. He was considerably my senior in years, as well as in wisdom; and, often, with signal good humour and patience, had endured my saucy scouting of his good advice.

He now nodded to me, from the window of a comfortable travelling-carriage, evidently his own; and the door being hastily opened by a veteran servant, at his command, he stumbled forward in such a hurry to embrace his old acquaintance, that but for my arm, supporting his war-stricken frame, he might have slipped to the ground. Our meeting had too much in it, to

bear the gaze of even his familiarly-trusted domestics; and, leaning on him, we took our course through the wood, to my humble abode. During our walk, I gave him a brief account of what had befallen me, since he saw me the spendthrift Ranger he had often warned from the pit! While I spoke, I could perceive the briny tears of pity stealing down the furrows of his cheeks. Oh, what a different race had he run; and how different was the result!

But he would not leave me in my cottage, at least not then; he would insist on my paying a visit to him, for a few months at least, at his little snug quarters, in London; and there became one of a small evening knot of old friends, who, like myself, had tasted the bitter cup; but had now found the drop of peace, which sweetly medicated the whole!—And in this happy little cell, is this memory of other days, subscribed by the heart-tranquillized—Richard Wildair.

(To be continued.)

BUONAPARTE'S FRUGALITY.

AMIDST all the cares of government and the blandishments of life, with which Napoleon was incessantly surrounded, he frequently amused himself with arithmetical computations, and diverted his more serious occupations with comparing the price at which particular articles were charged to him, with the rate which they ought to have cost at the fair market price. Las Cases mentions his detecting such an overcharge in the gold fringe which adorned one of his state apartments, as to cause him to insist on restitution being made. A still more curious anecdote is recorded of him, respecting a watch which an eminent artist of Paris had orders to finish with his utmost skill, in a style which might become a gift from the Emperor of France to his brother, the king of Spain. While the watch was yet in the artist's hands, news reached Napoleon of the battle of Vittoria. "All is now over with Joseph," were almost his first words after receiving the intelligence. But instantly after, he repeated "Send to countermand the order for the watch." The watch remained for some time in the hands of the artist, but is now, we are informed, the property of the Duke of Wellington.

THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS;

OR,
THE PROPHECY.

An Historical Tale.

(Concluded from page 282.)

"SEE what money will produce," said Josclyn pointing to the guide; "had I not possessed the golden talisman, we must have treaded these dark passages alone. Come, cheer thee," he continued, finding his companion tremble, "we shall soon arrive at the destined spot. Poor little foolish Alice, there is nought to fear;" and he endeavoured to laugh away her apprehensions.

But the deep gloom of the place, the low murmurings of the wind, and the dash of the river waves, aided by the remembrance of the many wretched captives, whose cells they were passing, created deep and unfeigned terror in the bosom of Alice.

"If the King should know in what manner thou hast used his signet! Oh! Josclyn, I dread to think on the consequences."

"The King will never know, dearest; he is at present too much engaged in masks, and revelry. Queen Catherine's coronation takes place in a few days, and that costly pageant will long occupy his thoughts; so I can quiet thy alarms, fair Alice."

Their conversation was now ended, as they had arrived at the dungeon of the Countess of Salisbury. "I come for thee again, in an hour, sweet one," said Josclyn; then the door was unbarred and the maiden entered.

Tears had long been denied the aged lady, but she wept bitterly ere she could articulate. When her agitation had somewhat subsided, she said, "Two years have now nearly passed since last we parted, my child; and, during that time, what misery have I not suffered. I thought the king possessed a few kindly feelings, but hatred has banished them all. He has doomed me, I believe, to spend the remainder of my days in this cell. May he receive pardon for his offences! Alice, thou must quit England for the protection of thy cousin, the Cardinal; thou wilt be safer with him; my dear friend Lady Doncie will provide an escort for thee to Rome, where thy rank and station will be regarded. My days are well nigh ended; dost thou remember, 'Plantagenet's sun will set in blood:' it may be now."

The Countess paused, for a strain of low and soft music floated towards the apartment; it was so wild, and sweet, and yet so sad, that it appeared as if the night wind had touched the chord of some magic instrument to mock the harmony of earthly musicians; presently it seemed to approach, but soon the cadence died away, and a well-known voice chaunted the following

MELODY.

List, lady, list!
The blood-red star is gleaming;
List, lady, list!
The silv'ry moon is beaming.
Lights have fled from hall and bower;
Faintly glows the beacon tower;
Hither, oh! hither with my train,
Gay elves, and spectres of the main;
Come we upon the rushing blast,
And as we onward swiftly past,
'Twas strange to see the wild affright,
Of those who view'd the queen of night.
It is I, it is I,
Who darken the sky;
I ne'er feel a thought or a care,
Now come, come, my grim train,
Come, my merry prim train,
I'll soon hie with thee to the air.
List lady! list!
The blood-red star is gleaming;
List lady! list!
The silv'ry moon is beaming.
Approaching in the low'ring sky,
Scaffold and block are rising high.
The night-bird shrieks thy fun'ral knell,
And startles oft the sentinel;
While quiv'ring in the silent gloom,
The corpse-lights mark thy silent tomb,
And shew where thou shalt have thy bed,
Soon, soon amongst the sleeping dead.
Now away, now away,
Though again I must say,
Plantagenet's sun sets in blood,
Speed away, speed away,
Or the first dawn of day,
Will lighten the earth, and the flood.

The same wild music which had attended the commencement of the song, followed it; but it was now intermingled with wild laughter and the quick splash of oars in the water, from which it appeared that the songstress endeavoured to elude the vigilance of those who might be watching round the building.

The trembling auditors in the dungeon remained silent from fear and astonishment, until the faint murmurings of the notes had died away and the sound of the oars were lost in the distance, when the Countess again spoke: "Alice, thou rememberest that voice? to me it is a death-warrant. Lorla lacks not wisdom, and soon will the fulfilment of her prophecy come. But I have had no trial," she continued, her pride again resuming its empire: "What crime is alleged against me; let the king produce evidence of my guilt; *then I must suffer; to his unjust tyrannical decrees I will not submit!*"

A low knocking at the dungeon-door announced the arrival of Josclyn, and Alice was constrained to depart.

On the following evening, after the feast, the page promised to come from Greenwich to escort his companion to the cell of her aunt, in the pleasing anticipations of which she sank to rest.

During the two years Lady Salisbury remained in confinement, many events had tended to withdraw Henry's thoughts from his aged and hated captive; but though the flame of his vengeance had died away, yet there still remained a few embers, which time did not quench.

Catherine Howard was now in the zenith of her prosperity, and during the gay feasts which preceded her coronation, intelligence was brought to the king of a petty rebellion in the north; and as the malcontents were known to be instigated by Cardinal de la Pole, Henry determined to wreak his anger on the mother of that ecclesiastic, he being beyond the power of England's monarch. The warrant for the execution of the Countess was speedily forwarded to the Governor of the Tower, and the time fixed for the day following.

At the hour appointed, Josclyn arrived at his mother's apartments; unwonted gloom overspread his countenance, and tears of sorrow dimmed his eye. In a hasty tone Alice desired to know the cause of his anxiety, and tendered immediate enquiries respecting his health, "I have no ills, dearest," replied the page, "thoughts of thy coming misery cause my melancholy. We cannot see thy aunt again."

A piercing shriek as he spoke burst from the lips of his hearer; "I know, I know it all," she exclaimed, "they have murdered her."

"Not so, Alice," hastily rejoined Josclyn, "your aunt still lives; but her execution is fixed. Prythee, weep not so bitterly," he continued in a soothing tone. Presently the frantic cries of the wretched girl died away to low and convulsive sobs, which her companion and his mother in vain tried to assuage.

When the first burst of grief was over, Alice desired to quit the Tower, where so many bloody tragedies had been acted; "Holy Virgin," she exclaimed, "if I do not leave this place, I shall witness what would be my death."

The sudden departure of Lady Doncie for her country-seat excited little surprise at court, where she seldom appeared; and to Alice the last sight of the metropolis relieved much of her sorrow; in a few weeks she arrived in safety within the Papal dominions; and when Mary ascended the throne of England, she returned with her cousin, who became one of the Queen's ministers, but not an abettor of her cruelties; and in her native country was united to the companion of her youth, Lord Josclyn Doncie.

No symptoms of fear exhibited itself in the countenance of Lady Salisbury as she mounted the scaffold, and stood before the assembled crowd; her grey flowing hair was unbound, and fell around her, giving a singular and wild appearance to her person; she spoke to the people in a firm tone, saying, "She had received no trial, and would never submit to a sentence which was not pronounced by the nobles of the land, and who had not judged her according to the laws of England." Then shaking her venerable snowy tresses, she ran about the scaffold, telling the executioner, "If he would have her head, he must win it as he could."

Many ineffectual blows fell, before the fatal stroke descended; and then the headless trunk sank, and the last Plantagenet was swept from the records of the living.

But the attention of the spectators was arrested by the appearance of a female, who fled rapidly from the spot; her form rose high above those who surrounded her, and her maniac laugh was distinctly heard.

It was Lorla Frazer! she had witnessed the fulfilment of her own prophecy.

S. S.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE. 8vo. 2 vols. Edinburgh.
1827.

THE charm which has so long attached to the author of these volumes as "the Great Unknown," is, at length, dispelled; and, from henceforth, the author of "Waverley" must be judged of by his own merits as a writer, independent of the interest which his long disguise had, in some degree, produced. For Sir Walter Scott's avowal of the authorship of the "Waverley" novels, we are indebted to the accidental circumstance of a public convivial meeting at Edinburgh, in February last, when the worthy baronet's name being announced after dinner, by Lord Meadowbank, as the subject of a toast, his Lordship was induced to say something in reference to those novels, so strongly connecting them with Sir Walter's name, as assured the author, that silence on the subject any longer was rendered impossible. Being thus suddenly and unexpectedly placed in the confessional, our author determined on laying aside his disguise, and openly avowed them as the productions of his pen. In the introduction to these volumes, the reader will find Sir Walter Scott's own pleasant and modest account of this affair. This introduction is succeeded by a preface of an immense length, extending to 110 pages; to this succeeds two tales, being some of the Chronicles of the Canongate,) one, called the "Highland Widow," derived from the papers of Mr. Baliol Bethune, deceased: whilst the second tale, entitled the "Two Drovers, completes the first volume; the third Chronicle, of the Surgeon's Daughter, occupying the second.

Our author has been so long known to the world, and his defects and merits as a writer so justly appreciated, that it would be unnecessary to attempt any lengthened exposé on the subject, at this period.

Our author, however, only lays aside one disguise to assume another. He now offers himself to our notice as Mr. Chrystal Croftangry, a Scottish gentleman of the old school; who seeks to amuse himself by editing the Chronicles of the Canongate, embracing a long series, from a very remote period. Mr. Chrystal has sketched his own history, in an easy and delightful manner; insomuch that we cannot but regret that its length is not commensurate with its interest: indeed, Mr. Chrystal's auto-biography is, to us, one of the most interesting portions of these volumes. We cannot attempt even to sketch the outline of either of these stories,—they will scarcely bear compression;—but we do what is far more pleasant, when we assure our readers that the "Highland Widow" is, in deep interest and true delineation of character, one of the finest specimens of writing, which even the pen of Sir Walter Scott ever produced. "The two Drovers,"

is a tale of less interest, in every respect; but the "Surgeon's Daughter" is worthy to be associated with the "Highland Widow." As we doubt not but these "Chronicles" will, ere this, have been anxiously read by the majority, and are in a course of reading by the rest, of our readers, we shall only add, that what constitutes, in our view, the great praise of these volumes, as well as that of their predecessors, is, the faithful representation of general nature which they contain, independently of the delineation of the manners and customs of the times to which the story refers. It is evident that the great book of nature is the volume which our author has studied. "He has gone abroad," says a great critic, (Lord Kinedder,) "into the wide world, in quest of what the world will certainly and abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a man of the very highest genius will alone depict after he has discovered it.

FASHIONABLES AND UNFASHIONABLES; a Novel. 3 vols.

By Rosalia St. Clair. London. 1827.

Notwithstanding our own declared sentiments on novel reading, we have lately admitted into our pages, a defence of the practice, from a pen not undistinguished in the republic of letters. It is probable that, ere long, we may admit some observations on that paper, promised by a friend; in the mean time, we feel assured that our respected correspondent would deeply regret if the high sanction of her name were to give currency to that sickening trash, which is exclusively intended for our circulating libraries. The present volumes belong to a class of works which we instinctively abhor; and yet it is, *in itself*, of a harmless nature. The story and ideas may be found in a thousand similar works; but they are, here, indeed, divested of all indelicacy; and, if they do not display much talent in their arrangement, are, at least, calculated, by their harmlessness, to amuse an idle hour without injury to the heart and principles.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES, in Prose and Verse; with Forty original Designs. By Thomas Hood. Second series. London. 1827.

Solomon has said "there is a time for everything;" a time, we presume, therefore, for innocent hilarity, and mirthful pleasure: and if other materials be wanting, we can recommend Mr. Hood's "Whims and Oddities," as well calculated to excite a smile, and to encourage a facetious cheerfulness. The volume is a literary *melangé* of prose and verse, of various kinds, and differing merits: but its wit never degenerates into coarseness, nor its humour into vulgarity. Of the merit and nature of the volume, the following quotation may be offered, as no unfair specimen, to the notice of our readers.

"A **BALLAD SINGER** is a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind-instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up, and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackarel, but was just soft enough

for "Robin Adair." His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weathercock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one,—a latch-key,—for all manner of tunes! and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thin as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning, he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this, his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street. He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chant, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his own country, he is an Englishman that by his birthright may sing, whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones."

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, for 1828. Edited by Alaric A. Watts.

The Literary Souvenir was the first of the Annuals which, following the example of Mr. Ackerman's "Forget Me Not," sought to unite, in one volume, the excellence of the graphic art with the charms of poetry, and the elegance of prose composition. It was, surely, to be expected that there would soon be many candidates of a like nature, for the public favour; we, therefore, regret to observe a querulous tone and feeling pervade the preface to Mr. Watts's elegant volume. Although literary contests for favour or pre-eminence, are, or rather should be, strictly honourable ones, we yet feel that it is difficult to conduct the course of rival interest, with so judicious and fair a hand, as not, occasionally, to clash the one with another. We cannot, however, believe that, whilst the "Literary Souvenir" maintains its present high character, Mr. Watts need fear any injurious consequences to its circulation and patronage from the number or talent of its rivals.

The embellishments are of the very first order of excellence; but why they are *exclusively line* engravings, we know not. We believe that some of the subjects would have been more generally acceptable in another style of the art.

"*Sed non nostrum est tantas componere lites,*"

In offering our opinion of the merits of the present volume, we must express our regret at the omission of many names, high in this department of literature, whose contributions constitute a leading excellence in many of the other Annuals; nor, candidly speaking, do we feel that their absence

is adequately compensated for by the productions of some of its anonymous contributors.

In selecting the following sketch for the amusement of our readers, we do not offer it as the best we could select, but as one bearing very deeply on the interests and feelings of many among our own readers; and whose characters, talents, and usefulness we cannot too sincerely respect.

THE PRIVATE GOVERNESS.

THERE have been miseries enough composed, printed, and published, to deluge the world in tears, if it were only tolerably compassionate. People have written of the miseries of bachelors, and the miseries of maidens,—of the miseries of matrimony, and the miseries of celibacy,—of the miseries of eaters of bad dinners, and the miseries of eaters of no dinners at all;—in short, more miseries than Pandora's box ever threatened, have strengthened the general conspiracy for making the age moral, mental, and melancholy. Almost every profession and every event has enjoyed the honours of elegy, and been invested with appropriate symbols of mourning, by literary undertakers. Amid the general sympathy of sighing, which characterises this nineteenth century—when prose acts echo to poetry, and men are dolorous as well in prose as in rhyme,—when all the world seems to look at life through black spectacles or a crape veil,—it would be strange indeed, if no amateur of wretchedness had luxuriated over the woes of private governess-ship.

No one likes to be the object of pity, but the hypochondriac and the beggar. I have constantly observed people extenuating the very distresses they have described, on the first expression of pity that escaped their auditors. Perhaps this may be attributed to pride, or, more charitably, to that dignity of feeling which we call self-respect. Without stopping to analyse its origin, however, we may be satisfied with the fact, that no such objection withdraws any sufferer from hoping to excite sympathy in his sorrows, as soon as they once get into print.

I myself have been one of the persecuted of this world. It boots not to recount the disasters and calamities which precipitated me into the midst of those who must struggle for the very means of existence, and pay with their whole life for the power of sustaining that life. There are a thousand calamities of daily occurrence, which drive the cherished object of domestic love from the shelter of the family hearth, to encounter the jostle of the crowd, and endure the collision of mean minds and despicable hearts. I was bent, as others have been, on securing—oh, the misnomer!—what is called, a genteel independence.—*Independence!*—the independence of that anomalous personage in every family—THE GOVERNESS! After great expense of advertisements,—after calling upon friends to solicit patronage, until I was ashamed of crossing their thresholds,—after much of the heartsickening delay which threatens utter hopelessness,—after many and various endeavours to make one shilling produce the value of two,—after changing

my apartments again and again for improvement—not of comfort, but economy,—after this prefatory catalogue of miseries—this novitiate of suffering,—I received the two following notes by the two-penny post:

“Miss Marden is requested to call on Mrs. Walter Berners, No. —, St. James's Place, to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock precisely,”

“Mrs. E. Somersfield having heard from Mrs. A., that Miss Marden is a person likely to suit her as a governess to her children, will be glad to see Miss M., at eleven o'clock precisely, to-morrow.

“No. —, Russell Square.”

As I received the first of these notes three hours before the other, I had a feeling that it should be the first attended to; and calculating, in the case of success or disappointment, on a short detention, I decided that I should certainly be able to keep both appointments, without considerably transgressing in either.

Oh, that visit—the first, the preparation visit—the submitting to inspection,—dressed up scrupulously for the occasion,—un-befurbeloved, and un-flounced, and un-bowed, and primly curled in most decent curtailment of every ringlet,—every ornamental excrescence carefully lopped away,—all externals most accurately arranged, as if an elegant binding were a fair sample of the contents of the volume;—an elaboration of absence of pretension;—an animated juvenile library! Every moment of my progress from my own apartments to the place of meeting was a new crisis of feeling and of fear. But these creations of my mind faded before the stubborn matter-of-fact circumstances, that thickened, as I approached more nearly the scene of my expected trial. Then came the descent from the coach at the corner of the street, to escape the footman's grin at a hack,—for the insolence of all powdered menials has long been a dogma of my faith;—anon followed the equivocal knock at the door, —semi-genteel, illustrating very appropriately, the undefined position of the unfortunate who awakens its music,—humble in tone, as touched by one about to ask a favour; but prolonged in sound, as betokening the consciousness of offering an equivalent for ‘value received.’ Next there was the presentation of the card,—the agitating ascent up the echoing stairs, and the announcement of the name,—that climax of horror to a nervous person.—To be sure, a governess has no business with nerves; but it was my misfortune to possess them in an acute degree, and to feel all their evil at this momentous period. At all times the sonorous enunciation of my patronymic is awful;—but now—it was like the cry of ‘charge!’ to a coward, or a verdict for the plaintiff in the ears of the defendant. I felt a certain dryness of the palate, and a quick palpitation at my heart, which compelled me to remain a few moments on the staircase. There was, indeed, a thought flashing through my mind, of intellectual and moral equality with the person into whose presence I was about to enter. The theory might be true and excellent, but

at this moment it had little practical effect. I believe the *necessity* for action was the procuring cause of the energy that impelled my sudden entrance, and carried me through the performance of a courtesy, very unsatisfactory to all my own conceptions of elegance.

"You are full seven minutes before your time, Miss Marden," said Mrs. Walter Berners, turning her eyes from her splendid watch to my face;—"I love punctuality; so much depends upon it; indeed *everything*, if we add ability, attention, and industry. Certainly better too early than too late, but I confess I am particular in this one respect,—quite matter-of-fact on this one point. Sit down, Miss Jones—Miss—Miss—I beg pardon; one always confounds the names of Governesses; Miss Martin, I mean."

I must not forget to mention that my card lay on the table just against her elbow, on which my proper appellation—"MISS MARDEN"—was engraved in Roman capitals. I believed in my heart, therefore, that the mistake was affectation, or the pitiful resource of pride, to awaken me to a sense of its own accidental superiority.

I murmured an apology—said something about the variation of clocks,—and then there was a pause—a fearful interval of the deep silence that falls so appallingly on the ear, when the ticking of the smallest time-piece is as dismally audible as the tolling of the great bell of Saint Paul's. I looked around the apartment in search of some happy idea that might introduce the purport of my visit. Not even the embarrassment of my situation could prevent my mind from receiving the impression of its arrangements; they fell on my mental vision as images, to be viewed more distinctly hereafter. An air most elaborately Grecian pervaded every article of furniture and of ornament. A volume in Greek characters lay open on the table, and another of yet more hieroglyphical appearance reposed on the knee of the lady herself. I think she meant me to make these discoveries, for my survey was just completed when she adverted—abruptly I thought—to the nature of the engagement which she supposed I wished to form.

Oh, the pain of being compelled to insist on one's acquirements!—to give an inventory of one's mental furniture—pausing over each separate article, like an auctioneer awaiting a propitious *bidding*! Then to have their value disputed—to be told that an accomplishment which has cost one years of painful labour, is contemptible, and of the infinitely greater preference that would have been given to another, which has never come within our means of attainment. Mrs. Walter Berners was one of the most tormenting catechists that ever tortured a poor ignoramus with her erudite inquiries. My French and Italian, and music and drawing, were passed over with a half—a more than half—supercilious "of course;" or an "ah, yes,"—and a patronising inclination of the head. I began to be terribly ashamed of my glaring deficiencies, and to feel that to be anything, my education

should begin again. I was oppressed with a mortifying sense of my inferiority in that very point on which I had piqued myself, and on which all my hopes of success depended. I was somewhat revived, however, on finding that these paltry accomplishments were the very qualifications in which it was desirable that I should possess some excellence, since Mr. Walter Berners himself superintended the higher—the *classical*—part of his daughters' education. There were three of them, and they were ordered in for exhibition.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE NEWTONIAN SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY. By Tom Telescope. Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings. Tegg, London. 1827.

Master Telescope's philosophy being well known to us, in its former editions, we were anxious to ascertain wherein the superiority of the present consisted. We, therefore, turned to the preface; and found that amid other improvements, "great care had been taken to exclude the numerous vulgar expressions which so very much *deforms* the pages of this otherwise pleasing and useful little book." Knowing the accuracy of the Chiswick press, we doubted, at first, the correctness of our own vision, in reading this sentence,—but on re-perusal we found that the whole was as awkwardly as it was ungrammatically expressed; we therefore passed on to the work itself.

In doing this we feel happy to be enabled to bear a most favourable testimony to the improvement manifest in every page. The illustrative engravings are of a very superior kind, and are admirably adapted to convey to the eye of the reader a clear and accurate outline of what the text is designed to convey to the mind. In its present improved state, we do not really know any volume, of even double its size or price, which gives so clear and accurate a view of the general outline of the Newtonian Philosophy. There are, however, even now, many puerilities of style, which we cannot but consider as blemishes in the work, and detracting from its merits; yet, after making every deduction on account of its acknowledged imperfections, we must still pronounce the book no unwelcome addition to the works of science.

TIME'S TELESCOPE, for 1828. London.

We have now, for many years, had the pleasure of announcing to our readers, the annual publication of "Time's Telescope." It is obvious that the materials for such a work must greatly depend, for their variety and interest, on the industry and talents of the editor; and it is but candid to acknowledge that both are manifested in the volume before us. In one respect, we feel disappointed; more especially as we consider that the difficulty was but, comparatively, small, whilst the interest would have been great, had the editor given a more detailed biography of deceased eminent characters; those inserted being very superficial, and decidedly dispro-

portioned to the subjects of them. With this defect we still hail, with pleasure, the appearance of a volume which recalls to memory the events of departed days, and opens to the inquisitive new sources of information, —instructing whilst it amuses the reader's mind.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

The Golden Gift, No. I. By W. B. Cooke, printed in gold, and adapted as elegant embellishments for the Album.

“Cuthbert,” a novel, is announced for publication: it will appear early in January.

NAVARINO.

This sea-port, the name of which, recent events have contributed to immortalize, is situated on the shores of the Morea, about eighty-five miles S. W. of Corinth. Its population is about three thousand, of whom only about one-tenth were Turks. The harbour is excellent, and affords safe anchorage to even a numerous fleet. Here the Turkish and Egyptian squadrons, having many troops on board, were moored, indulging in acts of oppression and cruelty, on the unoffending inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood: when the Admirals of the British, French, and Russian fleets, in conformity with the instructions and sentiments of their respective Courts, determined to demand a cessation of such acts of pillage and inhumanity, from the Turkish Admiral. With this view, the combined squadrons simultaneously entered the harbour, and after taking an imposing station, prepared for action in case of extremity. That alternative soon came, by an unprovoked and wanton aggression on the part of the Turkish Admiral, who fired at and killed an officer of the British navy, bearing a flag of truce. In revenge for such an insult, Sir Edward Codrington gave the signal for action, and after several hours hard fighting, the Turkish fleet was completely destroyed; not, however, without severe loss on the part of the allied fleet.

Much anxiety has been felt as to the influence which this defeat may exercise on the councils of the Porte, whether it may exasperate or humble this wretched government; information, however, just received, conveys the gratifying assurance that the interests of humanity have been wisely, as well as heroically vindicated. Every one who feels for an oppressed and degraded people, struggling for their rights, and endeavouring, by their actions, to prove themselves worthy of the freedom which they seek, must rejoice that the great European powers have, at length, determined to interpose, and to terminate, if possible, by mediation, at all events, by force, this sanguinary warfare, which has now so long desolated this fair portion of the world. Much wisdom will doubtless be required to consolidate that liberty and government which have been won by valour, and merited by suffering.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION,
FOR DECEMBER, 1827.

EVENING DRESS.

A DRESS of bright amber-coloured gauze, worn over a soft white satin slip. The skirt is full, and finished at the border with points of amber-coloured gauze, lined with stiff net, and edged with pipings of satin, surmounted by a very light and fanciful embroidery of chenille; under this is a second row of points, from which falls a very rich blond flounce. The effect of this trimming is very beautiful when set out by a full wadded hem. The boddice is of the usual height, surmounted by a handsome blond trimming, and embroidered with chenelle, in a light running pattern: two satin pipings, very narrow, and at a little distance from each other, mark the point—a fashion so prevalent again, and so becoming to a light and graceful figure. The sleeves are round and full, with *mancherons* edged by satin rouleaux and blond, finished with gold armlets, and superb topaz clasps. Tippet of delicate swansdown, long white gloves, and satin shoes, complete this charming dress.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A pelisse of rich gros de Naples, of a beautiful stone-colour, with a deep border of the same, on the bias, headed by narrow vandykes. The front is trimmed to correspond, with the addition of narrow rosettes, by which it appears to be fastened. The body has no fulness, and the only ornament is a falling vandyked cape, gradually lessening to the waist, where it is confined by a deep band and gold buckles. The sleeves, *à la Marie*, are finished with richly-worked gold bracelets above the wrist. Hat of deep violet sarsnet, trimmed with bows and strings of bright rose-colour: the strings are particularly long and floating. The ruff (which is again becoming fashionable,) is of the finest lace; three rows quilled in the usual width, each row edged by a narrow piping of white satin on gymp. Muff of chinchilla. Lemon-coloured flounces and black kid shoes.



Fashionable Carriage & Evening Dresses for Decr. 1827.

Invented by Miss Turpint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub Decr. 2. 1827, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.



HEAD-DRESS.

The annexed plate is a correct representation of the newest Parisian stand-ups; the bows, which do not exceed three in number, are drest very high, at a sufficient distance to admit of wide gauze riband, of various colours, being introduced between them, and at the sides likewise. The riband must be wide, and the bows large, to correspond with the hair. The front is drest very full, but very light, and raised in proportion with the rest. This head-dress requires considerable skill, but, completed with taste, is the most fashionable Parisian style.

These very novel and elegant dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and the tasteful Head-dress by MR. COLLEY, 28, Bishopsgate-street.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

As winter may now be said to have made its appearance several weeks earlier than usual, a corresponding change has taken place among the votaries of fashion. Mantles, shawls, and muffs are now generally worn. Pelisses are also much in favour. We have seen one of a novel kind, which is likely to be adopted this winter, by those belonging to the higher orders of society. It is of a dark-coloured gros de Naples, with a broad bias fold round the border, headed by Spanish points: on each side of the front, where the pelisse closes by rosettes, is a pointed fold, to answer that on the border of the skirt; at the back and front, are points, which finish the body in the Anglo-Greek style, and form *mancherons* on the sleeves; a falling collar is also composed of points: the sleeves are finished from the wrists, half way up the arm, with *chevrons*, that have each a button in the centre: this pelisse, when a lady is in mourning, appears truly elegant in black.

A very novel and handsome pelerine of black velvet is much admired; it is lined with rose-coloured sarsenet, the ends of which are long, and confined under the sash. As the season advances, this addition to out-door costume will be much in favour.

Coloured silk bonnets, with suitable flowers, and a broad white blond at the brim, are much in request, as are also those of black velvet, trimmed with bows of the same material.

We have seen some beautiful hats of bright meadow-green *gros-de-Naples*. Under the brim, on the left side, are three pointed ornaments, wadded, of black satin: these are edged with black blond, the edge of the brim is bound with black satin; the strings in a loop of the same. A white satin carriage-hat, very wide in front, is also much admired; it has a deep blond at the edge of the brim; over the crown is a *fichu*, with five points, edged with blond, and the interstices filled in with rich white riband.

Among the newest evening dresses, we remarked one of cherry-coloured *gros de Naples*; the border is trimmed with two flounces, bound with a narrow bias of satin; the body, though made *en gerbe*, displayed, in a very ingenious manner, at the small of the waist, all the beauty of its slender dimensions: round the tucker part is a narrow blond. The sleeves are long, and finished at the waist by a broad plain band, over which are three rows of Castilian points, bound with satin. Half-dresses of dark coloured *gros de Naples*, are much admired: a very broad bias fold surrounds the border, headed by a *ruche* in point, pinked. Sleeves, *a la Marie*, confined at the wrists by broad gold bracelets. White or coloured crape dresses are most in request for the few balls that have taken place; they are ornamented with satin rouleaux, fringes, *ruches* of tulle, and flowers. The boddices are often of white satin, with *fichu* robings of blond, set on full; the sleeves are very short, of the same material as the skirt, and ornamented by points of white satin. Gowns of olive green, slate, or gold coloured *gros de Naples*, made high, are much worn in half-dress. They are made in various modes; *a la Sevigne*, in the Circassian wrap, and *en gerbe*. These dresses are likely to be very prevalent, in afternoon home-costume, this winter. A few dresses of tartan silk, have been seen on some distinguished females. Silk hats, the same as the gown, fastened with a buckle in front, are more in favour than sashes.

The hair of young ladies is charmingly arranged in braids, curls, and bows, with flowers interspersed, and bows of broad riband. The bows of hair are extremely high on the summit of the crown, and the whole head-dress is yet more elevated by the flowers being placed thereon, with long stalks. Bandeaux of pearls are frequently worn across the forehead, which, instead of relieving, rather increase the lofty appearance, by

marking the great distance of the forehead, to the Apollo-knot on the head. A comb of tortoise-shell supports the long tresses, and this, sometimes, is the sole ornament.

The most fashionable colours are amber, meadow-green, ethereal-blue, cherry colour, and pink.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, November 24th, 1827.

NEARLY all the cloaks this year are made with grooves behind; some have even a *ceinture*, which draws the waist close all round; but the most elegant and the most convenient have large drapery covering the arm. We have seen some of Cache-mire, of this kind, embroidered all round with silk, and lined with white watered silk. The cloth cloaks displayed in the fashionable circles are of so beautiful a texture, that it is impossible not to foresee that they will be much worn this winter. Those of a grey colour, lined with rose satin; or *solitaire*, lined with *pinceau* velvet; and hazel-nut, lined with blue velvet, are the most elegant. Several pelisses of Swedish blue merino, produce a charming effect: they are trimmed with bias, figured with *dents de loup*, and ornamented with very graceful falling collars. The pelisses of gros de Naples, worn *nègligé*, are for the most part fastened in front by seven large points, at the end of which is a riband knot. Blond pelerines are generally worn with these pelisses. We have seen a pelisse of embroidered satin, of a celestial blue colour, ornamented with blond, which was greatly admired. The hat was of *pinceau* velvet, adorned with marabouts.

A number of black satin bonnets are ornamented with coloured ribands; the most distinguished are trimmed with green riband: some have branches of verdure placed on the front of the hat. Hats of black velvet are also trimmed with ribands of striking colours: in general, they have no other trimming than satin ribands and velvet. The simplicity of these hats renders them very becoming and graceful. Bonnets of black, blue, purple, and straw-coloured velvet, are, as usual at this season of the year, very prevalent: they are chiefly ornamented with flowers of pomona-green velvet, and yellow and white satin plumes. The bottom of the crown of hats, behind, differs entirely from those of last year.

Nothing can be more graceful than the kind of head-dress which inclines towards the top, leaving the nape of the neck entirely uncovered. On all hats, the strings are fastened at the top of the crown, under the knots, feathers, or flowers.

Merino dresses are now much worn; those of a greyish shade are considered the most becoming. They are nearly all, hitherto, trimmed with a large flounce, headed by a double or treble rouleau. Others have two bias trimmings, cut in points towards the top; these points are separated in the middle, and incline on each side, thus elegantly filling up the space from one point to the other. We have seen a dress of rose-coloured poplin, trimmed likewise with two bias ornaments, each point fixed by a knot formed of three shells; these knots were of the same material as the dress, cut in bias, and embroidered with satin. The corsage, in drapery, was fastened on the shoulders by knots of satin, and a long girdle of rose-coloured satin was fastened on the front of the waist. Evening dresses of embroidered gros de Naples, trimmed with two deep flounces of the same material, are much admired, as are also those of Cache-mire, embroidered with silk. The most elegant females wear over the neck, *boas* or pelerines of marabouts, which will be much in vogue this winter.

The *berets* are nearly of the same shape as those of last year. Some are of black velvet, very much inclined on one side; a garland of roses supports the edge, by forming a kind of band on the front. Knots of rose-coloured satin ornament the top of the head, and fall gracefully on one side, as far as the knee. We would strongly recommend to our fair readers the charming *berets* with garlands, which, without doubt, will be one of the prettiest novelties of the winter. Nothing, in fact, can be more graceful than these large *berets* of black velvet, supported by a garland of rose-coloured or *ponceau* flowers, which are grouped together in a bouquet under the side of the *beret* which is raised the most, whilst a number of floating strings are fastened on the side which inclines. Dress hats are worn without strings, at the theatre. Blonds of an extreme width and exquisite workmanship are seen waving in all the principal boxes, which are every evening filled with elegant ladies, attracted by the acting of Miss Smithson. Large white plumes nearly always indicate people of the first fashion.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

A VISION.

—I SAW her thrice in visions of the night,
What time I sat in meditative mood,
At midnight's stilly hour, upon the brink
Of Omar's haunted well!—And first, I saw
A placid lake, without a surf, or wave,
Or murmuring rise, or fall, shining beneath
The soft smiles of a happy summer's moon
And on that lake a little skiff was seen,
With painted sides, and richly carved prow,
And one bright silken sail of skyey blue,
Studded with amber clasps and golden twists:
And in this bark of fairy-land appeared,
With silver oar in hand, a graceful maid,
With youth and health and rapture in her mien,
And roses and fair lilies on her brow!

Over the quiet expanse quick she rowed
Her gaudy boat, and every stroke she gave
Threw glittering wave-drops o'er her angel form:
And ever, as she dipped her gleaming oar
Within the watery strength, she oped her lips
And uttered wild, yet soothing melody,
Telling of hope, and love, and bliss, and heaven,—
And thus in smiles she faded from my view.

Again, I saw a subterranean cave
Deep in the womb of a basaltic cliff,
And lighted by bright tapers and red lamps,
Whose oil was never prest by human hands;
And all within was grand—grand and sublime,—
A shining grotto of stalactic spars,
In many a form fantastic.—Here they bore
The figure of a diamond diadem, and there

Were pyramids of jasper,—topaz jars,
 Yellow as moonshine,—ruby vases, red
 As frozen blood,—crescents of amethyst,
 Purple as love's own flower, the hyacinth,—
 Rainbows, and starry prisms, and coronals
 Of emeralds, greener than the first spring grass,—
 And sapphires, bluer than the cloudless sky
 What time the sun is brightest. And all around
 Bespoke the palace of a mermaid queen;
 And on a coral throne, bedizened fine
 With many a seaweed, shelly conch, and gem,
 Sate that same lady;—in her lily hand
 A golden comb she held, the which she gave
 To part her beauteous tresses.

Another time,—the last,—I saw, in air,
 A vapoury wreath, mist-coloured, float along
 And hover o'er the vale: soft sounds were heard,
 Sweeter than voices of young nightingales
 When first they sing of love; and all about
 Fleeted delicious fragrance. In that cloud,
 Seated upon a rosy-tinctured throne,
 Of tissuey mist, that Elfin-maiden bore
 A little lyre, which ever and anon
 She struck to strains of exstacy and joy;
 And singing thus awhile she sate and smiled,
 Then melted into air!

India.

R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

BEAUTY.

I HAVE beheld, in two-fold charm,
 Celestial Beauty glowing;
 And each the raptured soul might warm
 Though varied grace bestowing.

The laughing eye's seraphic smile,
 The cheek divinely breathing;
 The rose-bud lip, the mazy wile,
 Of ringlet graceful wreathing.

The lightsome step, the fairy form,
The tone so sweetly cheerful,
The power possest to wake the storm
Of feeling fondly fearful.

And I have seen a softer charm,
The joyless heart revealing,
The look less gladly, wildly warm,
Yet fuller far of feeling.

But oh, that soft, that pale pure cheek,
That glance of melancholy ;
Made all before that beamed less meek,
And pensive, seem unholy !

C. M.

ADDRESS TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Thy pleasures, thy sorrows, thy trials, are gone,
To eternity's ocean swift passing along,
Thou portion of Time!—to earth's militants given,
To fill up with duty, and struggle for Heaven;
Look back once again to the Orb thou art leaving,
And list to the sighs of regret we are heaving,
That so much of thy weeks, days, and moments, are lost,
And trifled away, to our sorrow and cost;
And hear our resolves—should our sojourning here
Be permitted to last through another full year,
How much we will strive sin and folly to shun
With more earnest endeavour, than yet we have done.
Should health be our portion, with active endeavour,
May we seek to secure what will last us for ever.
Or if passive obedience our part be assign'd,
Let us cheerfully meet it, contented, resign'd.
Farewell—slighted friend! thy requiem is sung,
And thy funeral wreath on the dark laurel hung!
Thou art gone to those Ages departed of yore,
And join'd to that ocean, that knows not a shore!

CONSTANTIA.

FRAGMENT.

Ah!—saw ye that terrific form,
 That girt with fury, awful towers,—
 Depicted on whose brow the storm
 Of jarring passion, brooding, lowers ?

Ah, saw ye not that blood-shot eye ?
 How like the basilisk's its glare—
 Ah, heard ye not that horrid cry,
 That laugh, that yell of mad despair ?—

Did ye not hear it ?—oh it shook
 My bosom with a fearful thrill ;
 Worse than the terrors of that look,
 Whose lightning gleam alone might kill !—

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent J. B. conceives that the accuracy of the statement made by the author of the *Essay on Africa* (see page 261,) of the declaration of independence by the Pasha of Egypt, is rendered more than doubtful by recent political events. That a portion of the Turkish squadron, destroyed at Navarino, was furnished by the Pasha of Egypt, is a fact; but it is one which, in no way, impeaches, *of itself*, the truth or the credibility of the statement in question. The Egyptian ships might have been there as *auxiliaries* or *allies*. The known enmity of all the Mahometans towards the Greeks; or, as they are called, infidel rebels, might have operated, on this occasion, as motive of a bond of union and co-operation. The British, French, and Russian fleets at Navarino, were furnished by powers entirely and essentially *independent*, yet united in one common object.

It is moreover well known, that Major Cradock had been confidentially employed by the British Government, on a mission to the Pasha; the understood objects of which has been to detach Ali from the interests of the Porte; and it is as well understood that he has succeeded, generally, in his embassy; although the *announcement* of that success may have been *prematurely* made. It is also well known that, during the last fifteen years, the dependence of Egypt on Turkey has been [merely nominal; as the Pasha has governed with uncontrolled and absolute sway, nor has even the semblance of dependence been preserved by the payment of tribute, or the offering of a present.

On these grounds we conceive that the statement of the *Essay* remains unimpeached, and worthy of credit.

We have just received a communication from X. It is not often that our observations are received, by a disappointed Correspondent, with so much good feeling. His present communication will be inserted.

We will attend to the wishes of Eliza.

Various contributions, just received, will be more particularly noticed in our next.

"Parisian Chit Chat" is, from want of room, unavoidably deferred till our next.

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